

## Self-Eluders, Shadow Chasers and Lotus-Eaters: the White Man in the Pacific Islands

Paul Strona

I was—like thousands of others before me, thousands of years ago, as well as now, at this present time, and will be for thousands of years to come, if the world stands long enough—trying to run away from myself, or chasing shadows,—these latter, of course, I did not catch, and the former fear I did not realize.

— William Diaper, *Cannibal Jack*, 1928

Nearly everyone in the world knows that the Pacific islands, particularly those of the South Pacific, are the most idyllic places on the face of the earth. Those islands typically have verdant mountains that tower into the blue sky, with perhaps a bit of misty cloud around the peaks. The coastal areas are lush with palm trees and thick groves of every imaginable type of exotic tropical fruit which end only at the edge of the white sand beaches which encircle all of these islands. The lagoons are filled with an abundance of brightly-colored, strange, but delicious, fish. And, of course, beyond the reef is the vast Pacific Ocean that separates us from all of the worldly problems that plague us in our present environment. But even more wonderful are the child-like natives who populate the islands. Not only are they God's most perfectly formed creatures but they are serene in disposition and universally receptive to the whims of

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Paul Strona, a program budget analyst with the State of Hawaii, holds the MA in Pacific Islands Studies from the University of Hawaii. Interest in this subject was sparked when the schooner *Diablo* was wrecked in Tonga, putting the author "on the beach."

An enormous debt is owed the late Amos P. Leib, master of the English language and scholar of the Pacific, for the many hours he devoted to discussions with the author, and for his delightful review of the resulting article.

the white man. To complete this paradise on earth there is the climate which provides day after day of sunshine and balmy trade winds.

Such has been our conception of the Pacific islands since childhood. The image has been created through popular books, films, songs and common knowledge passed from generation to generation.

Still, there are some deep-seated doubts. Intellectually, we know that Paradise cannot exist on earth and that human beings are universally subject to the frailties of mind and spirit that lead us to mistreat our fellow man. How can the Pacific islands be exempt from the defects of the rest of the world? There must be some guano somewhere in that beautiful picture, if you look closely enough.

We also realize, after a moment or two of honest introspection, that we cannot escape from our internal problems and defects by a change in venue. We take them with us and often pollute a new environment.

This hypothesis can be tested by examining the accounts of various white men who have lived in the Pacific islands. The literature covers a variety of reasons for going to the islands, a cross section of island physical categories (high islands, atolls, low islands), the major cultural categories of the Pacific islands (Polynesian, Micronesian, Melanesian), and a time span ranging from 1783 to 1951. Conclusions can be drawn from the degree of success achieved by these white men in adapting to the physical and cultural environments that they encountered while in the islands and the congruency between their expectations and experiences.

The review of the various white men's experiences has been organized according to the reasons for their presence in the islands. The major categories are shipwrecked sailors, deserters, missionaries, and escapists.

### *Shipwrecked Sailors*

The literature of the Pacific islands contains many first-hand accounts of shipwrecks during the first half of the 19th Century. This is due to the high level of activity in the Pacific during that period by British and American whalers and trading ships equipped with very rudimentary navigational aids. Six accounts have been selected covering the period from 1783 to 1853. Micronesia is the setting for three of the accounts: George Keate of the *Antelope*; Horace Holden of the *Mentor* and James O'Connell of the *John Bull*. Two others, William Mariner of the *Port-au-Prince* and E. H. Lamont of the *Chatham*, are set in Polynesia. The sixth, William Diaper, ranges from Samoa to the Philippines.

George Keate's account of the wreck of the East India Company packet *Antelope*, at Palau in August of 1783 was based on the journals of the Captain, Henry Wilson. It is evident from this account that

Captain Wilson was very skillful in his ability to preserve unity among his crew of approximately 50 and in his relations with the natives of Palau.

When the *Antelope* was wrecked on a rainy night in August of 1783, the crew were resigned to spending the rest of their lives there; a very short period, if the natives proved to be hostile.<sup>1</sup> Captain Wilson managed to organize his men after they had successfully reached shore and supervised the rescue of large amounts of provisions, tools and materials from the wreck. By presenting a unified front and cleverly displaying the power of their firearms, the crew of the *Antelope* gained the respect and active assistance of the most powerful chiefs in their area.<sup>2</sup>

After initial hardships due to a lack of shelter and bad weather, Captain Wilson had his men build an elaborate fort armed with guns from the *Antelope*, to insure against a falling-out with the natives. Almost immediately work was also began on the very ambitious project of building a schooner large enough for the whole crew to escape to Macao.

The relationship between the crew of the *Antelope* and the natives that controlled their immediate area was one of reciprocity. The natives provided abundant food for Wilson and his crew and also assisted them in finding materials for the construction of the schooner. In return, Wilson provided firearms and small cadres of men to accompany the high chief and his warriors on missions to square accounts with old enemies on neighboring islands.<sup>3</sup> The results of these raids were highly pleasing to the chief, primarily because of the firepower supplied by Wilson.

Under the Captain's direction, the crew retained their European dress and dignity while in Palau, but were very careful to respect the customs of the natives. The result was mutual admiration; the natives were awed by the technology and industriousness of the British and in turn were admired for their generosity and nobility.<sup>4</sup>

When the schooner was completed in November of 1783, Captain Wilson and his crew departed at the first opportunity on their successful voyage to Macao. When the British departed, the natives seemed to be genuinely moved emotionally.<sup>5</sup> During the three-month period mutual trust had been established between the two groups to the point where one of the *Antelope* crew decided to remain in Palau and one of the chiefs sent his most cherished son with Wilson to learn the ways of the white man in England.

In stark contrast to the experiences of Captain Wilson and his crew are those of Horace Holden after the wreck of the American whaler

*Mentor* at Palau in May of 1832. Eleven of the *Mentor* crew were drowned while attempting to get ashore after the wreck. The survivors were nearly killed by the natives after reaching shore and were spared primarily due to the intervention of the women of the island and an Englishman who had lived on the island for 29 years.<sup>6</sup>

After spending seven months on Palau and gaining enough support from the natives to build a large native-type canoe, eight of the survivors put to sea but soon came to grief when the canoe swamped and broke apart. The worst was yet to come.

Holden and his seven companions were able to reach shore on "Lord North's Island," a small and barren atoll near Palau. The natives of this island were "barbarious, indolent, filthy and degraded," according to Holden.<sup>7</sup> The Americans were pressed into forced labor by the natives and given very little food. The eight men were required to work long hours in the sun, without any clothing, cultivating the natives' gardens. If they faltered they were beaten and deprived of food.<sup>8</sup>

After two months the Captain of the *Mentor* and one of the crewmen were able to hail a passing ship and escape. Only Holden and Benjamin Nute were still alive when they were rescued by the *Britannia* after nearly two years on this island. The other four had been either killed by the natives or starved to death, the almost certain fate of Holden and Nute had rescue not arrived when it did.

Though the crew of the *Mentor* had been relatively successful in learning the language of the natives and had adapted themselves to the island diet, they were still victimized by the treachery of the people and the harsh physical environment.<sup>9</sup>

The third account in Micronesia is that of James O'Connell, who arrived in Ponape after the wreck of the whaler *John Bull* in approximately 1828. O'Connell's background prior to arriving at Ponape and even the shipwreck are questionable. He claims to have shipped as a cabinboy aboard the *Phoenix*, which was carrying prisoners from England to Australia. After approximately eight years in Australia he says that he joined the crew of the *John Bull* and was subsequently wrecked near Ponape. However, in his introduction to the recent edition of O'Connell's journal, Saul H. Rosenberg raises the suspicion that O'Connell may have been a convict in Australia and that he was in fact a deserter from the *John Bull*. Rosenberg has been unable to find a record of the wreck of the *John Bull* or even any documentation of O'Connell's birth in Dublin in November of 1808.<sup>10</sup>

After initial apprehensions that they would be put in a pot and cooked for dinner, O'Connell and his several companions were adopted by native families and were well treated. O'Connell claims to have

saved the day during the trying events immediately after their arrival by amusing the natives with an Irish jig.<sup>11</sup> This was a gimmick that he frequently employed during his stay in Ponape.

Although O'Connell was not very successful in learning the language, he did adapt to the native culture quite well. He submitted to being tattooed, accepted the native foods, married, and had two children. He did not, however, express any deep attachment to his family or sincere remorse on leaving.<sup>12</sup>

O'Connell was anxious to explore the various districts and other islands in his area, but was continually being restrained by his adopted father, who feared that he would be harmed by hostile tribes. O'Connell and his friend Keenan did, however, manage to occasionally elude his "father's" watchful eye and sneak away for some sight-seeing. He even managed to join his adopted clan in a "war" against a nearby island and claimed to be instrumental in their victory.

By the time of his rescue from Ponape by the *Spy* in November of 1833, O'Connell had become sympathetic toward the natives with regard to the opinion of many Europeans that they were thieves. He felt that the Europeans just did not understand the natives.<sup>13</sup>

O'Connell's claim that the *Spy* presented him with his first opportunity to leave Ponape is also disputed by Riesenbergs, who says that several other ships called at Ponape during the time of his stay.<sup>14</sup> He suggests that if O'Connell was a deserter he may have wished to avoid contact with any potentially troublesome ship captain.

John Martin's account of the four years spent in Tonga by William Mariner also shows us a white man who became very deeply assimilated into the native culture. When the *Port-au-Prince* was captured in 1806, Mariner was spared a bloody end because Finau, the principal chief of Vava'u, took a fancy to him.<sup>15</sup> Mariner became a close advisor to Finau, primarily on military matters, and accordingly acquired high status.

Mariner's success in maintaining his position of importance in Tonga was undoubtedly attributable to his ability to learn the language and the intricacies of the Tongan culture quickly and very well. He spoke the language so well by the time he left that in the dark the natives could not distinguish between his voice and that of a Tongan.<sup>16</sup> On occasion, however, Mariner did commit serious transgressions of Tongan custom that would have resulted in death had he not enjoyed the special status of a white man and the confidence of the high chief.<sup>17</sup>

William Mariner was extremely valuable to Finau in the seemingly endless wars and intrigues that the chief initiated to extend his power over the whole Tongan Group. Mariner provided technical assistance to Finau's troops in the use of the firearms salvaged from the *Port-au-*

*Prince*. He was also fearless in battle and narrowly averted death on several occasions.<sup>18</sup>

Mariner was particularly well equipped for rapid assimilation because he had been well educated in England and was only 14 years of age when he arrived in Tonga. Consequently, in Tonga he learned the Tongan language and culture during his important formative years. Still, after four years, Mariner escaped on a passing ship at the first opportunity presented.

William Diaper does not qualify as a genuine shipwrecked sailor because his stay of over 50 years in the Pacific islands began in 1840 when he was kidnapped from a whaler by Samoans. His account has been included here because he also began his stay in the islands involuntarily.

Diaper used the pseudonym "John Jackson" for his journal covering the period from 1840-1842, as published in Appendix A of Erskine's *Journal of a Cruise Among the Islands of the Western Pacific*,<sup>19</sup> and the island derivative of "Diaper" for his journal covering 1843-1847, *Cannibal Jack*.

During the period covered by Diaper's journals he was constantly on the move from place to place: from Samoa to Fiji, the Lau Group, and even a trip to Manila to sell tortoise shell. He explains in *Cannibal Jack* that

It may be inquired what I was endeavouring to accomplish by these erratic movements of mine. Well then, the answer is, that I did not then know any more than I do now, excepting, perhaps that I might have been running around the world for sport. . . .<sup>20</sup>

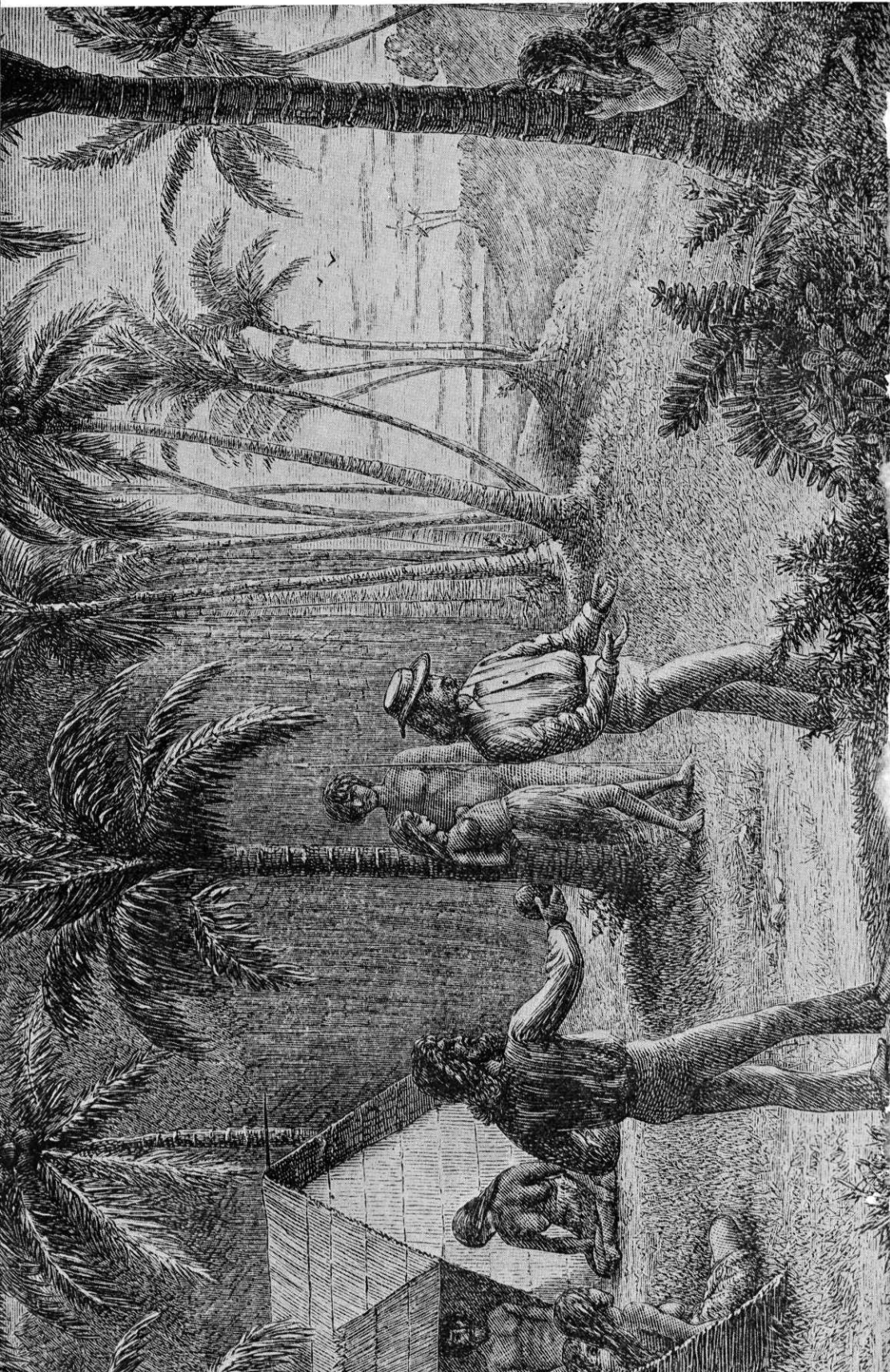
It should also be added that he often left a place, especially in Fiji, because he had very good reason to believe that it would be unsafe to stay any longer.

Diaper had a wide variety of skills that he was able to use in sustaining himself wherever he went. In Fiji he most often was retained by chiefs to repair firearms or cast bullets; he was also a skilled sailor. More than anything, however, he enjoyed trading, even if just for the sport.<sup>21</sup> He often traded firearms or his services as a repairman for tortoise shell or pigs. At one point he even became a sizable supplier of port wine to visiting ships from Tahiti and Samoa.<sup>22</sup>

William Diaper adapted well to the island cultures and had many wives, children, and grandchildren prior to his death at Mare, Loyalty Islands, in 1891.<sup>23</sup> Although he admired the generosity of the natives and respected their cunning ways, he was shocked by their cruelty.<sup>24</sup> He did, however, chose to stay for life.









The last shipwreck account is that of E. H. Lamont, a merchant from San Francisco on a trading trip to the Marquesas, Tahiti, Moorea, Huahine, and the Cook Islands. The *Chatham*, which Lamont had purchased for the voyage, was wrecked at Penrhyn atoll, northern Cook Islands, in January of 1853. At the time of the wreck the *Chatham* was returning to California after the successful completion of the trading voyage.

Lamont was especially gifted with an ability to manipulate people, a skill which he used to good advantage during the 11 months that he was stranded on Penrhyn. When the natives attempted to force the crew of the *Chatham* into the labor of removing cargo from the wreck, Lamont refused and urged the others to do the same.<sup>25</sup> He was keenly aware of the need to gain the respect of the natives and soon established himself with them as the leading white man. He also felt that it was necessary to continue the use of European clothing to avoid a loss of status in the eyes of the natives.<sup>26</sup>

Lamont was successful in learning how to operate politically within the native culture. He established alliances with various groups of natives on the different islets of the atoll and frequently intervened in disputes between hostile factions.<sup>27</sup> One of his most difficult problems was leaving one group of natives to visit another. Occasionally they tried to detain him forcefully, and he found it necessary to resist with force or to sneak away. He exhibited much courage on many occasions.

Lamont's success in establishing himself as the number one white man and in manipulating the natives caused some of his former crewmen to become jealous and attempt, unsuccessfully, to rally the natives against him. Lamont had the courage and skill to confront and embarrass his opponents in front of their native followers, thereby foiling their ambitions and enhancing his own status.<sup>28</sup> The leading malcontents, including the captain, who had been a source of trouble to Lamont, stole the sailboat that the crew had built and made their escape. Lamont was afraid that these men would reach Rarotonga and organize a party to exploit the rich pearl shell beds that he had found in the lagoon and meant to preserve for his own future benefit. He could have enlisted the help of his native followers to resist any such attempt, had it materialized.

Further evidence of his remarkable adaptation in 11 short months to Penrhyn culture is the fact that he was married three times and was also promised the hand of another young girl as soon as she became a few

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Lamont meeting one of his many wives, *Hako Moe Kakara* (the "Sweet Sleeper") From E. H. Lamont, *Wild Life Among the Pacific Islanders*. 1867.

years older. He also developed an appreciation of the natives' ability to make the most of their sparse atoll environment, particularly the multitude of uses they had for the coconut tree.<sup>29</sup> From his original situation, when he suffered from an inability to communicate with the natives and fear for his life, Lamont changed until he found himself lamenting, months later, that he would really be quite happy with his situation if it were not for his overriding desire to be rescued.<sup>30</sup>

When the New Bedford whaler *John Appleton* finally arrived at Penrhyn in November of 1853, Lamont found it necessary to force the natives at gun point to paddle him out to the ship. Though he had made a remarkable adjustment to the atoll environment and had become very powerful politically, Lamont was almost desperate in his attempt to escape when the first opportunity was presented.<sup>31</sup>

### *The Deserter*

*The Marquesan Journal of Edward Robarts* provides us with an exceptional account by one of the many men who deserted from the crews of whalers in the Pacific islands during the first half of the 19th Century.

Edward Robarts was a young seaman on the British whaler *Euphrates* when it arrived at Tahuata in December of 1798, after a harrowing trip across the Pacific. When some of the crew approached Robarts to join a planned mutiny, he decided to leave the ship and take his chances on a favorable reception by the Marquesans.<sup>32</sup>

Robarts was accepted by the natives and soon devised a policy of having himself adopted by the chiefs of many tribes as insurance that he would be well-received wherever he should go. During his stay in the Marquesas, Robarts tried to see as many of the islands as possible, and by the time of his departure he had covered Tahuata, Hiva Oa, and Nukuhiva quite thoroughly.

Robarts was an active participant in a number of battles between hostile tribes but, at least during the time of his stay, these appear to have been more ceremonial than deadly, especially when contrasted with the bloody battles that Mariner and Vason experienced in Tonga. Robarts claims to have provided the Marquesans with some new tactics in several battles, such as diversionary movements and ambushes.<sup>33</sup>

On a canoe trip between islands Robarts' skill and cool composure in adversity saved the lives of his companions when the vessel foundered in a storm. He claimed that the Marquesans became helpless and gave up hope in the crisis.

During his stay in the Marquesas, Robarts felt a responsibility to serve as pilot for visiting ships and to supervise their reprovisioning.<sup>34</sup>

On several occasions he made long and hazardous trips across an island to assist ships. The status that he achieved in performing this role was beyond anything that Robarts had previously known to his obvious pleasure.

During Robarts' stay a serious famine, due to failure of the breadfruit crop, resulted in many deaths. He saw many of his friends and members of his extended families die, but he managed to survive though reduced to skin and bones.

Warfare was the one facet of Marquesan life that displeased Robarts, and it eventually led to his departure from Nukuhiva on a visiting ship in 1806 after seven years and seven months in the Marquesas. When he saw that a land dispute between two factions of his extended family was going to result in warfare he decided to leave rather than be caught in the middle.<sup>35</sup>

It was a sad departure for Robarts who was accompanied by his Marquesan wife and young child. He realized that he would never again be able to achieve the social stature that he had gained in the Marquesas.<sup>36</sup> Robarts died a destitute and broken man in India in approximately 1830, after having lost his wife and children to disease.

### *The Missionary*

George Vason arrived in Tonga in 1797 aboard the London Missionary Society (LMS) ship *Duff* with the expectation that he would spend the rest of his life there evangelizing among the natives.<sup>37</sup> Initially he lived with three other young missionaries, but soon was adopted by a Tongan chief and moved into his house. In very short order he acquired most of the customs of the natives, including Tongan dress, tattoos, and several wives.

Vason's missionary companions made frequent visits to upbraid him for his back-sliding but, even though he had pangs of guilt, he continued to become more Tongan. Soon he was taking much pride in the successful operation of a 15-acre plantation which had been assigned to him by his adoptive father. By this time Vason had completely forgotten his purpose for being in Tonga and was quite happy with his situation.<sup>38</sup>

Bloody warfare between rival Tongan chiefs brought an end to Vason's idyllic situation. He at first plunged into the battle with enthusiasm, but as the tide turned against the forces led by his benefactor, Vason began to have doubts about his survival. The chief who had protected him was assassinated and his followers went into full retreat. In the retreat Vason turned an ankle and was nearly captured before managing to escape with other stragglers. While fleeing, he had the

sobering experience of learning that his three missionary companions from the *Duff* had been murdered near their house.<sup>39</sup>

After four years in Tonga, Vason managed to reach a ship passing Vava'u by forcing a group of Tongans to paddle him out to it. Even at the last minute he was nearly caught and killed by pursuers.

In his account, Vason expressed deep repentance for his behavior while in Tonga and hoped that he would be forgiven.<sup>40</sup> He also expressed disgust for the lack of basic morality exhibited by the Tongans. He argued that those European philosophers who believe man can live in a natural state without government and a strong moral code were wrong. Vason contended that his experiences in Tonga were proof that man reverted to his worst basic characteristics under such conditions.<sup>41</sup>

Vason concluded his narrative with some advice for future attempts to evangelize the natives of the Pacific islands. He contended that failures such as his could be avoided if the LMS recognized that assignments in the Pacific were especially difficult and that in the future only older, more experienced missionaries should be sent to that part of the world and then only if married and in the company of their wives.<sup>42</sup>

### *The Escapists*

Tahiti the great, the merry, Tahiti of the many  
waters and the multitudinous song of birds.

George Calderon, *Tahiti*, 1922

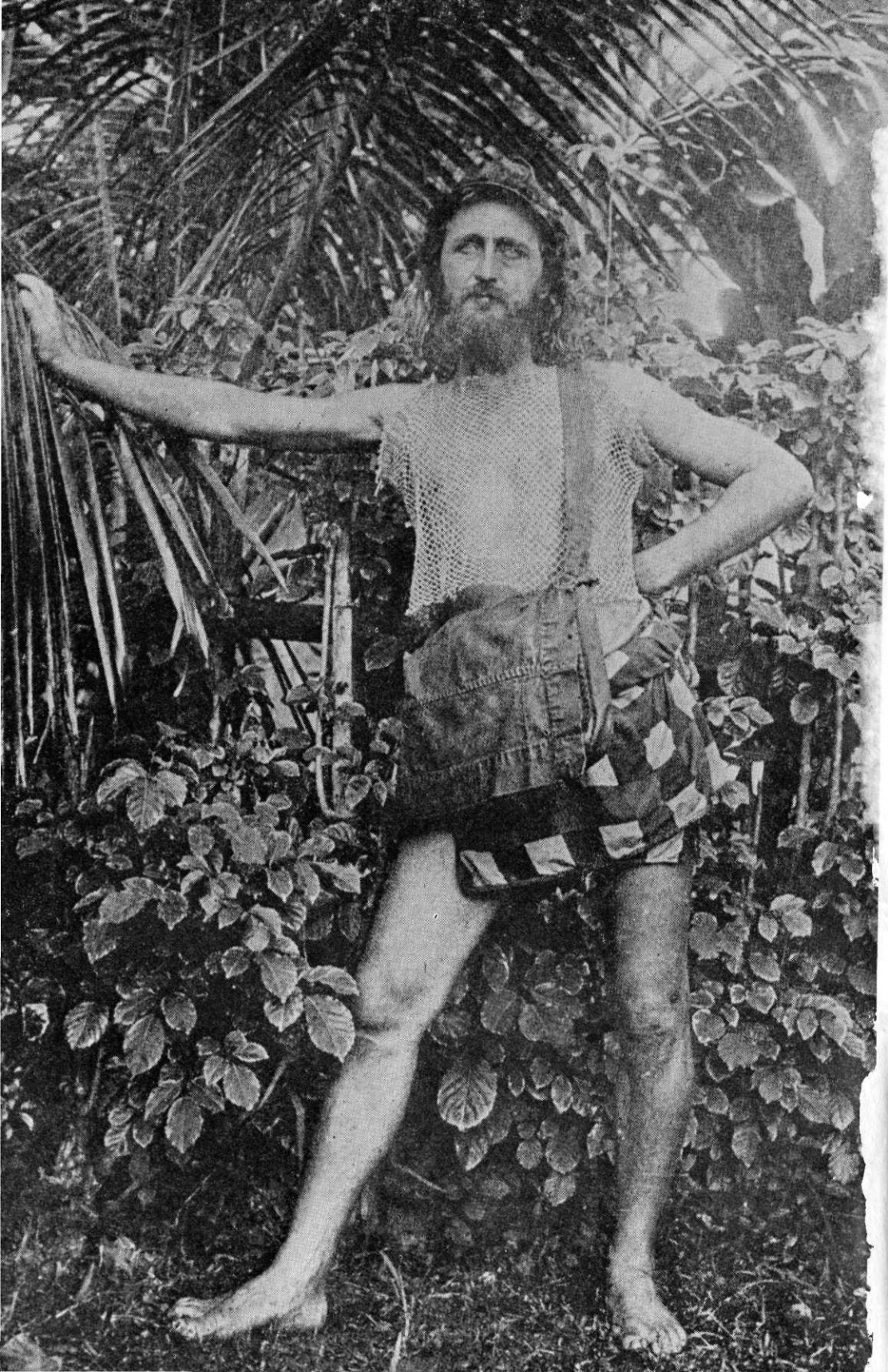
The escapists overwhelmingly chose Polynesia. Of the eight discussed here, only Robert James Fletcher, the most bitter of all, chose Melanesia.

George Calderon spent only two or three months in Tahiti when he visited in 1906 and evidently had not planned to stay longer. Although he does not qualify as a true escapist, he developed a remarkable understanding of the Tahitians during his short stay and has left us a sensitive description of life in Tahiti at that time.

Calderon was a well-educated Englishman of about 40 years of age when he visited Tahiti. His ability to speak French fluently and his talent as an artist helped him to communicate with the Tahitians even as he was quickly learning their language. The feeling projected by the exquisite pencil sketches of the people he met is a most vivid and authentic portrayal of Pacific islanders.

Calderon walked through the remote districts of Tahiti, talking with people as he went, and accepted their invitations to stop for a meal or for the night. He joined in their family gatherings and amused his hosts with drawing on his pad which was always close at hand.







Calderon was saddened by what he saw of the encroachment of European culture on the traditional Tahitian way of life and its implications for the future. He lamented that

The Tahitians have resolved to cut their losses, to yield what must inevitably go, and save the rest; save their existence, at any rate. The Golden Age is gone. Who would not curse the traders and the missionaries and all their works? In a single generation they have given up everything. The *vivo*, the flute, the pan-pipes, the dream, the conchs are no more heard, or they are for the tourist, to be seen at the July fete. . . .<sup>43</sup>

While he was in Tahiti Calderon met Ernest Darling, the "Nature Man," as did Jack London and Frederick O'Brien. Having heard so much about this American university man who had come to Tahiti to teach the natives the simple life, he climbed the mountain behind Papeete to visit him.

Calderon was warmly received by Darling, who was wearing only a bushy beard, and had an interesting visit that lasted until the next day Darling immediately began a cross-examination in great detail of his habits of life and demanded candid answers. The diagnosis was that Calderon was suffering from "mental over-stimulation due to excess of educational facilities." And a prescription that "You've got to go right back to Nature, brother, . . . and live according to the rules. What you need is pure air, hard work and a diet of non-acid fruits."<sup>44</sup> Prior to leaving, Calderon was presented with a printed copy of the "Nature Man's" Ten Commandments, two of which were: "Thou shalt not eet meet" and "Vizit troppikle cuntriz."<sup>45</sup> Perhaps he was a phonetic spelling enthusiast as well as a nature man.

When Jack London entered Papeete harbor in 1907 on the *Snark* he was met by Ernest Darling in a small outrigger canoe, bearing fruit and flying the red socialist flag. This was not their first meeting; London had come across Darling several years before in the San Francisco Bay area.<sup>46</sup>

A redeeming feature of London's book, *The Cruise of the Snark*, is the background information that he provides on Ernest Darling. It seems that in 1895 Darling had been near death in Oregon due to "Overstudy (as a school-teacher and as a university student) and two successive attacks of pneumonia. . . ."<sup>47</sup> Darling suddenly fled from his apparent death bed, ran into the bush, stripped off his clothes, and began soaking up sunshine. The sunshine, and a diet of fruits and nuts, supplemented by bread, was the secret to regaining his health.

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Darling, the "Nature Man" of Tahiti. From: Frederick O'Brien, *Mystic Isles of the South Seas*, 1921.

After troubles with authorities in California and Hawaii due to his strange habits, Darling left for Tahiti "in search of a climate which would not only be desirable, but wherein he would not be undesirable. And he found it, in Tahiti, the garden-spot of garden-spots."<sup>48</sup>

The government officials in Tahiti allowed Darling to settle on an undeveloped eight-acre plot of land in the mountains behind Papeete, with the promise that he would be given title to it after 30 years if he would clear and till it. Having apparently found a place where he could live as he wished, Darling constructed a house, planted vast quantities of fruit trees, and built a road to make his plantation accessible to the Papeete market. When the adjoining landowners later decided not to let him use the road across their property, he was forced to carry his produce to market on a steep, wild pig trail.

Darling had been exposed to the doctrine of socialism by the quartermaster of the steamer that took him to Tahiti. He then decided to work for a cooperative commonwealth which would make it easy to bring about natural living. He told London, "I had a dream last night. It seemed that twenty-five native men and native women had just arrived on the steamer from California, and that I was starting to go with them up the wild pig trail to the plantation."<sup>49</sup>

When Frederick O'Brien left San Francisco for Tahiti, in about 1920, there was a commotion on departure that turned out to be Ernest Darling being forcefully carried from the ship. He had evidently tried to return to Tahiti by stowing away. O'Brien became curious about the "Nature Man" and made inquiries when he reached Tahiti.

O'Brien learned that Darling had attracted to his plantation a group of follow nature worshippers who also believed in socialism and who worked very hard growing fruits and vegetables for the market. Darling and his group were considered crazy by the Tahitians and all eventually were deported by the authorities, who could no longer tolerate such unconventional behavior. When O'Brien asked a policeman why Darling had left, he replied fiercely

Is the French republic to permit here in its colony the whites who enjoy its hospitality to shame the nation before the Tahitians by their nakedness? That soiree bete wore a pareu in town because the law compelled him to, but, monsieur, on the road, in his aerial resort, he and his disciples were as naked as ———.<sup>50</sup>

Sydney Powell was 33 years of age when he arrived at Tahiti in 1911. After finishing school in England he had been a civil servant in Natal and served in the armed forces of South Africa and Australia before seeking the solitude of Tahiti.

Soon after his arrival in Tahiti, Powell found that he was repelled by the white tourists he encountered and then resolved to remain for the rest of his life.

All I knew was that they were repulsive to me—these who had once been my people—and that instead of being an alien in Tahiti, I should be an alien in my own land. From that moment I knew that I should never leave Tahiti.<sup>51</sup>

Powell married a Tahitian girl and with the help of her father bought a small plantation about 40 minutes by bus from Papeete. For nearly six months he lived very happily on this plantation, working hard to clear away the dense growth around his coconut trees and vanilla vines while his wife kept their simple house and went fishing in the lagoon.

Life was perfect in every respect until one of Powell's legs became swollen and inflamed and he found that he had contracted elephantiasis. A doctor in Papeete told Powell that he must go at least 500 miles from Tahiti and remain there for at least a year if he wanted to recover his health.

After a short inspection trip to Rarotonga, which he found to be far too prim and too British, Powell took a job as the manager of a copra plantation on Makemo, in the Tuamotus. His wife was willing to move to any place that would be beneficial to his health.

The owners of the plantation soon found that Powell had a knack for supervising native workers and asked him to move to the atoll of Hikueru where they needed a white supervisor for a crew of divers during the pearl-shell season. Under very difficult conditions, Powell again proved his ability to adjust to a new situation and successfully took charge of a large group of native workers. As a reward, he was offered the comparatively plush job of running the company's trading store at Makemo when the pearl-shell season ended.

After the schooner trip to Makemo, it was discovered that Powell's wife had contracted tuberculosis and would not survive in the damp and windy climate of the Tuamotus. Over the objections of his wife, who feared for his health since they had not yet been away from Tahiti for six months, Powell insisted that they return to the plantation where she could convalesce. After three months back at the plantation, she was much improved and Powell himself did not show any signs of a recurrence of the elephantiasis. Some time later, however, exhausted by an attempt to swim ashore after being caught alone in a sudden squall on the reef, his wife died of a hemorrhage of the lungs.

Powell found that without his wife he could not stay in Tahiti. He had loved Tahiti because of her.

Now that she is gone I cannot stay here. I have thought it over. It is impossible. She made this place what it was for me. Without her it is just a dead body—lovely but dead. One cannot live with that.<sup>52</sup>

After the funeral Powell sold the plantation and left on the next steamer.

Once I said: "I shall never leave here." What a fool a man is to say such things! We go where life leads us, for life's purposes. Perhaps I shall return. Perhaps I shall not.<sup>53</sup>

James Norman Hall and Charles Bernard Nordhoff provide an interesting contrast in the effects of life in the Pacific islands on whitemen.

Hall and Nordhoff arrived together in Tahiti in 1920 in search of solitude and "adventure in the sense of unexpected incident rather than of hazardous activity."<sup>54</sup> During World War I both had served as pilots in the Lafayette Escadrille but did not meet until after the war, when both were assigned to prepare a history of the Escadrille. Both were well educated but had contrasting backgrounds: Hall was a salt-of-the-earth mid-westerner from Iowa, while Nordhoff was the son of a wealthy southern California family.

As soon as they arrived in Tahiti the two men embarked on separate trips through the islands on trading schooners; Hall to the Tuamotus and Nordhoff to the Cook Islands. When reunited in Tahiti one year later, both had made the decision to remain in the islands for the rest of their lives.<sup>55</sup>

Hall had been stranded for months on the island of Rutiario, without money or his seachest, when an irate supercargo, incensed over the interruption to his trading caused by a game of marbles introduced by Hall, sailed without him. During his stay on Rutiario, Hall observed that it was necessary to live up to the expectations and status the natives had granted white men. Recalling the ridiculous appearance of many Americans and Europeans in Tahiti, he vowed not to follow their example.

They rushed into pareus the moment of their arrival at Papeete, and before a week had passed were more primitive in a sophisticated way than the Tahitians themselves. I had no desire to join the ranks of the amateur cannibals, even though there was some excuse for it at Rutiario; and I knew that the Paumotuans would have more respect for me if I dressed after the manner of my own race.<sup>56</sup>

Since he had been left without any money, Hall was in a quandary about how he would obtain the things he needed from the Chinese store. He at first considered explaining his situation to the store owner and making arrangements for a line of credit but soon decided against that approach.

Puarei, his wife—all the rest of them—expect me to live up to their traditional conceptions of white men. I am supposed to be mysteriously affluent, and I owe it to them to preserve that myth in all its romantic glamour.<sup>57</sup>

He then proceeded to make a big show of making big purchases for himself and his friends and putting it on his bill at the store. Whenever the Chinaman seemed to become fidgety about the size of his bill he would go on another spending spree. Fortunately, when the schooner returned for him Hall found his money as he had left it in his seachest, and was able to make a grand display of paying off his bill in front of a large crowd of natives. He even managed to shift the embarrassment to the Chinaman by catching him trying to pad the grand total.

In about 1935, the two men discussed whether "home" was now Tahiti or still in the United States; they had differing concepts. Hall felt that the main disadvantage to living in Tahiti was that America was still home.

All my roots are still in America, in the prairie country of the Middle West. I realize now that it is useless trying to grub them up to transplant on this little island. They won't come up.<sup>58</sup>

Nordhoff, however, felt that Tahiti was home, but that it wasn't a healthy environment for his well being.

I came to Tahiti taproots and all, and they are now comfortably embedded here. Nevertheless, I realize that I am an exotic plant and must suffer the consequences of the change of habitat. My growth here has been sickly, but my decay will, I believe, be luxurious and slow.<sup>59</sup>

And decay he did, but not luxuriously. Nordhoff turned to excessive sex and drinking after divorcing his Tahitian wife because he found her in bed with the chauffeur.<sup>60</sup> Just before the outbreak of World War II, Nordhoff left Tahiti with three of his six children and never returned. He lived a tormented life in California until his death in 1947.

Hall, by contrast, remained happily married to his half-Tahitian wife and continued to write productively until his death in Tahiti in 1951. He was extremely proud of his two children, who continued to live in the United States after completing their college educations.

James Norman Hall was a respected member of the community in Tahiti, and his death was considered a great loss to his many Tahitian friends. He understood his role as a white man in a foreign culture and realized that he could never completely sever the roots that connected him with the place where he was born. From 1920 to 1951 he actually strengthened those roots by returning to his homeland on numerous occasions, sometimes for extended periods of time. This perceptiveness perhaps was the basis for success in achieving his expectations.

Aboard the schooner *Caleb S. Winship* when James Norman Hall made his trip through the Tuamotus in 1920 was a young Englishman named Arthur Cridland. With the old Tahitian woman who owned the

island, he was going to live on Taïoro, a remote atoll far from the route of even the trading schooners.

During the months before the *Winship* reached Taïoro, Cridland spoke in fluent Tahitian to the old woman but spoke to Hall only very briefly. When they reached the uninhabited island Cridland and the woman were put ashore with their possessions, to be left in solitude.

Hall returned to Taïoro four years later, hoping to learn what had become of this strange man. He was greeted courteously by Cridland, who took him to the comfortable house that he had built and then excused himself, saying that he had certain matters to attend to. Hall amused himself by examining the large library and other possessions that Cridland had shipped from England, until the Chinese servant brought a note from Cridland saying that he had been detained and would not be able to join him for dinner, but that he was welcome to stay in his house until the schooner left the next day.

It was not until 1930 that Hall learned the reason for Cridland's unusual behavior. He received a message from Cridland that he was dying on Taïoro and wished Hall to come to him on the schooner he had chartered and help put his affairs in order. When Hall reached Taïoro two weeks later he found Cridland near death, attended only by his old Chinese servant.

Cridland spoke freely to Hall about his youth and reason for going to Taïoro. He came from a wealthy family in England and had studied physics in College, resolving to be one of the greatest physicists in England.<sup>61</sup> While in Germany for further studies during the vacation after his second year of study, Cridland had realized that he was one of the "mistakes of nature . . . tragic, irremediable mistakes."<sup>62</sup> He said that he "would not accept the common implications of that fate. I saw what I had to do. I gave up my plans for a career. I cut myself off from family and friends. You see, I didn't trust myself. I didn't know what wretched folly friendship might lead me to."<sup>63</sup> He then began the search for isolation that led him to Taïoro.

I set out in search of some place, preferably an island, where there could be no question of friendship, not even of companionship. When I found that place, I remained. . . .<sup>64</sup>

Within three days after Hall's arrival Cridland died, peacefully.<sup>65</sup>

Robert Dean Frisbie arrived at Tahiti in 1920, commissioned by an American newspaper syndicate to take photographs and write short articles as he wandered through the islands. In addition to the prospect of being paid for articles accepted by the newspaper, Frisbie had a pension from the U.S. government of \$100 per month. He had always



had weak lungs but qualified for the pension when his condition became worse during a short stint in the army at the end of World War I.

Immediately after reaching Tahiti, Frisbie met Hall, who had arrived only a few months before. This was the beginning of a friendship that was to last until Frisbie's death in 1948, even though after 1927 it was sustained entirely through correspondence. The two men never again met after Frisbie's departure from Tahiti.

Hall found that Frisbie's dream was to "become a writer, and a particular kind of writer. . . ." <sup>66</sup>

I don't care how long it takes me, . . . I will work for years, all my life if necessary, to write my one book. I can live on my pension until I have it finished. But in the end I hope to make a name for myself, in my one small field. <sup>67</sup>

Frisbie told Hall that he planned to build a boat 36 feet long—he knew exactly what it was to be like—and would sail it alone to the remote islands while writing his book.

Solitude was, of course, essential; he must be alone with himself most of the time, hence the one-man ship in which he was to visit the loneliest of islands. Contemplation of this fact made him a little uneasy. He loved solitude, but he also loved a certain amount of companionship. <sup>68</sup>

The boat remained a dream for the rest of his life, but he did write the book, indeed, a number of books, and he did find solitude and companionship of sorts.

After seven unproductive and rather degenerate years in Tahiti, Frisbie left for Rarotonga, where he arranged to become the resident trader on the atoll of Puka Puka in the northern Cook Islands. During the ten years that Frisbie remained at Puka Puka he took a wife and had five children, was a successful trader, and wrote, among others, that "one book," *The Book of Puka-Puka*.

Frisbie realized that the solitude of Puka-Puka was affecting him, after many years, as it did the natives.

After solitary years on a remote island one arrives at a curious state of mind. One becomes lost at times in a world of one's own, blind to passing events, deaf to the monotonous clamor of children, unconscious of heat, cold, wind, sunlight, or shadow. One lives in a "mind world," so to speak, which is quite indescribable to normal persons, because the images which exist there and the events which happen there are not evoked by words, either spoken or thought. Strange as it may seem, one thinks without words. <sup>69</sup>

Frisbie was dependent upon his correspondence with Hall for mental stimulation and as an outlet for his frustrations when manuscripts were rejected by publishers. Hall also fulfilled, to a degree, his need for companionship through the exchange of letters.

As the years slip by I shuffle off all the dross of mere acquaintanceship and cling to the few real friends with whom I have something in common. . . . In old age, if there is but one friend left, I hope it may be you. Please keep writing even though my letters come only at long intervals.<sup>70</sup>

The success that Frisbie achieved in adapting to the culture of the islands was based on the same perceptive philosophy that Hall had developed during his early travels through the Tuamotus. Frisbie believed that a white man should not "go native" because he could not compete with natives in their own culture. To attempt to do so would only result in being looked down upon by the natives. The natives wanted to be proud of "their" white man and he should behave according to their expectations and be extremely careful never to ridicule or humiliate them.<sup>71</sup>

The death of his wife had a very depressing effect on Frisbie, who was left with his young children. Because he was in poor health and nearly penniless, Frisbie feared that he would die and leave his children helpless. In his letters to Hall he wrote long passages on the pleasure he derived from his children and the concern that he had for their future. He was especially fond of his daughter Johnny and wished that he could afford to provide her with a good education. As she grew older he found that she could provide him with the intellectual stimulation that he had missed for so many years.<sup>72</sup>

Frisbie's health grew worse. Shortly before his death in 1948 he wrote Hall that six months in the United States would be beneficial to him and would give Johnny an opportunity to "straighten out her sense values. Lord! but I do want her to go north! It seems to me that the past fifteen years of my life have been lived for her. . . ."<sup>73</sup>

In November of 1948, Frisbie died in Rarotonga from the use of a rusty hypodermic needle to inject narcotics, penniless and deeply in debt.<sup>74</sup> The children were taken into the home of a Rarotongan woman.

James Michener had met Frisbie while in the Pacific during World War II and developed a deep respect for this tragic man.

If ever I knew a man who destroyed himself through the search for beauty, Frisbie was that man. I can respect the uncompromising artist, and I never once met Frisbie but what I pitied him and liked him, too. There were other atoll men of whom I could not say as much.<sup>75</sup>

Robert James Fletcher had been educated at Oxford and worked as a schoolmaster in England and South America before he arrived in the New Hebrides in 1912. Fletcher had, in his late thirties, succumbed to the lure of the South Seas which called to him primarily through the writings of Robert Louis Stevenson—"blessed islands of warmth and free living and beautiful indolence."<sup>76</sup>

Fletcher realized very soon after his arrival that he had not found what he was looking for, whatever that was. He didn't like the place and he didn't like the people. This disillusionment was very clearly expressed in letters to a former Oxford classmate in England.

I cannot quite explain to you what I expected to find in the South Seas—you know how indefinite such feelings are—but I am sure I have not found it . . . the natives here are loathsome. They are simply hideous, mis-shapen, lice-stricken savages. And the scenery is only very mediocre. There are times when I wax enthusiastic, but to be absolutely honest I have seen infinitely more lovely scenery in England and without the unpleasant accompaniments of fevers and mosquitos and cockroaches and rats. No, I am not there yet.<sup>77</sup>

Despite all of this and "a feeling of solitude that makes one want to scream for the sake of company,"<sup>78</sup> Fletcher remained in the New Hebrides for seven and one-half years. He worked as a surveyor, court interpreter, and a plantation manager while his health deteriorated from malaria and dysentery.

During his fourth year, Fletcher married a native girl, but the relationship was that of an adult to a very young child. She was happiest when he would join her in patty-cake-type children's games. Fletcher wrote his friend in England: "But do you think I could tolerate her in civilization? Not for a week. That is the difference that the islands make."<sup>79</sup>

When Fletcher came to the realization that he had developed a feeling of attachment to his native wife he became alarmed about the future.

I simply must shift from here. I have miscalculated the effect of lotos eating; I mean of my last meal. That wretched little brown slut has tied me up a dam sight tighter than I could ever have imagined. It won't do at all. If I were to give way now, it would mean the renunciation of all that I really love. And I'm not such a fool as that.<sup>80</sup>

Fletcher's greatest source of pleasure and anguish while in the New Hebrides was the birth of a son. He loved the little boy and took pride in his health and intelligence, but, since he was a half-caste, Fletcher wondered if he would still love him in a white society. Although he wanted more than anything else in life, a son that he could raise according to his plan, Fletcher feared that the boy would always suffer from being a half-caste if he left the islands.

In 1919, Fletcher finally decided that he must leave the New Hebrides, because of his neurotic mental state and declining physical health. After a terrible period of soul searching, he left his wife and son with a family that he felt would properly care for the child's future. He knew the pain he would suffer from leaving his son but felt it was the correct decision.

. . . But I am going to part with my baby for all that, while he is yet a baby. I have sinned against nature—it is that, and there is no use in mincing matters—and I am going to pay the price. There will be no point in torturing myself and him—to say

nothing of Topsy—by trying to fight a battle whereof the result is a foregone conclusion. Only the payment of my debt is going to hurt damnably.<sup>81</sup>

In one of his letters from the New Hebrides, Fletcher succinctly expressed his disillusionment in pursuing the South Seas of his dreams:

I think that the ideal South Sea island must be left as a beautiful dream . . . I feel sad about it, but an unsatisfied longing is better than a shattered dream. . . .<sup>82</sup>

### *Conclusions*

From the accounts by these men it is clear that some white men had been able to adjust remarkably well to the physical and cultural environment of the Pacific islands, and yet a majority of those discussed did not decide to live in the Pacific permanently. Among those who did so decide, most met certain problems which at times seriously interfered with their lives and pursuit of happiness.

The warfare that was prevalent in nearly all of the islands until approximately 1850 was a peril that survivors of shipwrecks had to contend with and led to the previously unplanned departures of Robarts and Vason. However, the technical skill of the white man in using and repairing firearms was a valuable asset to native chiefs that enabled the white men to achieve a high status in the native culture and in the case of the crew of the *Antelope*, establish a relationship of reciprocity with the natives that made their escape possible.

The treatment that Holden and his companions received from the natives of Lord North's Island most likely was caused by their arrival without any artifacts of their technology. Therefore they were not an asset to the natives, but were rather a burden, because of the extreme shortage of food on the atoll. They were used most efficiently by the natives as slaves helping in the production of food and were allowed to consume only a minimal amount of that most valuable commodity.

The white man has also been able to learn the native languages relatively quickly and to adapt to the native food, by necessity or by choice. Lamont, within a period of eleven months, became highly skilled in manipulating different native political factions.

The white men who arrived in the islands involuntarily, with the exception of Diaper, constantly had thoughts of home and loved ones uppermost in their minds and left the islands at the first opportunity. Diaper, however, was a self-proclaimed "shadow chaser" and probably would have flourished had he been cast ashore in any part of the world.

The debilitating effect of extreme solitude on the white man has been shown most clearly by Frisbie, Fletcher, and Cridland. Although Cridland found the complete solitude that he was seeking, it may have contributed to his death at such an early age.

It has also been shown that it is far easier for the white man to adapt to the "soft" environment of Tahiti than to the sparse environment of an atoll or to the disease-ridden islands of Melanesia. The white man has also found the natives of Polynesia and Micronesia much more to his liking than those of Melanesia. Fletcher left the son that he loved in the New Hebrides because he was very conscious that the boy was a half-caste. But Robarts took his wife and child with him when he left the Marquesas. None of the others who married Polynesians expressed concern about the color of their wives or children. The tragic termination of his marriage to a Tahitian wife was the direct cause of Powell's departure and was the critical incident that led to the decline and eventual departure of Nordhoff.

Darling was not able to retain the "paradise" that he found in Tahiti because of the interference of other whites, who could not accept his life style there, just as they had not accepted it in America. Fletcher's misery in the New Hebrides was also compounded by his hatred for the whites that he encountered. Both of them were unable to escape the torment of their fellow men by moving to the South Seas.

The belief expressed so eloquently by Hall and Frisbie, that a white man could not become a native and should not try to do so, was also used to advantage by others before them. The success of the *Antelope* crew and Lamont during their enforced stays in the islands were based on this philosophy.

These white men did not find paradise in the Pacific islands. The islands and the people who lived on them had defects not unlike those found in the rest of the world.

The one person who came closest to realizing his expectations in the Pacific islands was James Norman Hall. He was successful because his expectations were realistic, and he chose the right place to go; he also had the sensitivity to understand what the islanders expected of him. He knew who he was and what he was. Most important, he knew that his roots remained firmly embedded in the country of his birth and he retained close ties with that country. This understanding was probably the stabilizing factor that enabled him to appreciate and love the islands and people of the Pacific throughout the last 31 years of his life. He was a singular example.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> George Keate, *An Account of the Pelew Islands Situated in the Western Part of the Pacific Ocean, Composed from the Journals and communications of Captain Henry Wilson, and Some of His Officers, Who, in August, 1783, were there Shipwrecked in the "Antelope."* (London: G. Nicol, 1788), pp. 20-21.
- <sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 59.
- <sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 74-75.
- <sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 127-128.
- <sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 263-264.
- <sup>6</sup> Horace Holden, *A Narrative of the Shipwreck, Captivity, and Sufferings of Horace Holden and Benj. H. Nute . . .* (Boston: Russell, Shattuck, 1836), pp. 52, 56.
- <sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 109-110.
- <sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 98-99.
- <sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 112.
- <sup>10</sup> James F. O'Connell, *A Residence of Eleven Years in New Holland and the Caroline Islands*. Ed. by Saul H. Riesenbergh (Honolulu: The University Press of Hawaii, 1972), pp. 6, 17, 19.
- <sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 106.
- <sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 196.
- <sup>13</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 204.
- <sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 24-25.
- <sup>15</sup> John Martin, *An Account of the Natives of the Tonga Islands. . . . Compiled and Arranged from the Extensive Communications of Mr. William Mariner, Several Years Resident in those Islands*, Vol. I (London: J. Murray, 1816), p. 65.
- <sup>16</sup> *Ibid.*, p. xxi.
- <sup>17</sup> *Ibid.*, Vol. I, pp. 313-314; Vol. II, pp. 23-24.
- <sup>18</sup> *Ibid.*, Vol. I, pp. 163, 182-183.
- <sup>19</sup> John E. Erskine, *Journal of a Cruise Among the Islands of the Western Pacific* (London: J. Murray, 1853).
- <sup>20</sup> William Diaper, *Cannibal Jack: The True Autobiography of a White Man in the South Seas* (New York: Putnam, 1928), p. 7.
- <sup>21</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 226-227.
- <sup>22</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 195-196.
- <sup>23</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 6.
- <sup>24</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 80, 172-173, 221.
- <sup>25</sup> E. H. Lamont, *Wild Life Among the Pacific Islanders* (London: Hurst and Blackett, 1867), pp. 114-115.
- <sup>26</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 312.
- <sup>27</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 293.
- <sup>28</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 262, 319.
- <sup>29</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 153-155.
- <sup>30</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 298.
- <sup>31</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 251-253.
- <sup>32</sup> Edward Robarts, *The Marquesan Journal of Edward Roberts 1797-1824*. Greg Denning, Editor (Honolulu: The University Press of Hawaii, 1974), p. 51.
- <sup>33</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 79.
- <sup>34</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 126.



- <sup>35</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 153, 157, 159.
- <sup>36</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 160.
- <sup>37</sup> [George Vason], *An Authentic Narrative of Four Years' Residence at Tongataboo . . .* (London: Hatchard, 1810), p. 74.
- <sup>38</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 131.
- <sup>39</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 169.
- <sup>40</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 222.
- <sup>41</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 180-181.
- <sup>42</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 230-233.
- <sup>43</sup> Tihoti [George Calderon]. *Tahiti* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1922), p. 215.
- <sup>44</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 72.
- <sup>45</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 73.
- <sup>46</sup> Jack London, *The Cruise of the Snark* (New York: The Regent Press, 1911), pp. 156-157.
- <sup>47</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 159.
- <sup>48</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 163.
- <sup>49</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 170-171.
- <sup>50</sup> Frederick O'Brien, *Mystic Isles of the South Seas* (New York: Century, 1921), p. 262.
- <sup>51</sup> S. W. Powell, *A South Sea Diary* (London: Gollancz, 1942), p. 8.
- <sup>52</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 144.
- <sup>53</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 144.
- <sup>54</sup> James Norman Hall and Charles Bernard Nordhoff, *Faery Lands of the South Seas* (New York: Harper, 1921), pp. 4-5.
- <sup>55</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 355.
- <sup>56</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 135.
- <sup>57</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 136.
- <sup>58</sup> Paul L. Briand, *In Search of Paradise; The Nordhoff-Hall Story* (New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1966), p. 334.
- <sup>59</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 334.
- <sup>60</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 341.
- <sup>61</sup> James Norman Hall, *The Forgotten One and Other True Tales of the South Seas* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1952), p. 50.
- <sup>62</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 48.
- <sup>63</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 51.
- <sup>64</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 51.
- <sup>65</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 51.
- <sup>66</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 157.
- <sup>67</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 157.
- <sup>68</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 157-158.
- <sup>69</sup> Robert Dean Frisbie, *The Book of Puka-Puka* (New York: Century, 1928), p. 257.
- <sup>70</sup> Hall, *The Forgotten ones*, p. 206.
- <sup>71</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 209-210.
- <sup>72</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 242.
- <sup>73</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 242.
- <sup>74</sup> James A. Michener. *Return to Paradise* (New York: Random House, 1951), p. 11.
- <sup>75</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 11.

- <sup>76</sup> Asterisk [Robert James Fletcher]. *Isles of Illusion: Letters from the South Seas*. Edited by Bohun Lynch (London: Constable, 1923), p. ix.
- <sup>77</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 42.
- <sup>78</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 33.
- <sup>79</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 167.
- <sup>80</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 179.
- <sup>81</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 260.
- <sup>82</sup> Hall, *The Forgotten Ones*, p. 129.